

## A Good Day

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Summary: Days don't have to be special to be good. Set the day before the couch scene. Domestic Richonne and Grimes Family 2.0.

## A Good Day

**\*\*A/N:** Hi! So this was originally part of a round robin fic on tumblr but I liked it so I expanded a little. It's set the day before the infamous couch scene. It's basically my take on the build-up to that moment. **\*\***

Michonne frowned as she squeezed the very last glob of spearmint and baking soda toothpaste out of the crumpled tube. She tossed it in the garbage, sure she had another tube in the cabinet. Once dressed, she left her room and headed down the hall, surprised to find Judith standing in her crib. She picked her up, smiling when Judith latched a chubby fist onto her hanging locs. "You got a stinky? Yeah you do."

Judith babbled as Michonne changed her soiled diaper under her yellow onesie. She carried her to the kitchen. "What should we eat? Want some oatmeal?"

She looked at the little girl who nodded, smiling as she pulled apart her cherished red solo cups. Michonne emptied the instant apples and cinnamon oatmeal into a pot of water. As she stirred the pot's contents, an incessant knocking started in one of the other rooms. She stopped and considered the sound, though she knew it wasn't any danger. She looked at Judith who too had stopped to listen. The sound stopped as abruptly as it started. A moment later, Rick appeared in the kitchen in a gray t-shirt and jeans. Michonne assumed it had been him making the noise. "Morning. Carl's got a ball."

"Why?"

"Pain in the ass probably." Rick was no longer surprised by his son's

teenage antics. "What are you doing today?"

"Me and Judy are gonna weed the garden," Michonne answered. Rick nodded, smiling at the back of her head as she stood before the stove in jeans and one of his old t-shirts. He guessed she'd taken it to garden in. She turned to look at him and he looked away so he wouldn't be caught staring. "What's your day?"

"Little run with Daryl. Nothing fancy. Should be back by dinner."

Michonne nodded, looking him over briefly. His belt hung around his slim hips, and he had given his boots a little polish. "Want some oatmeal?"

"Nah. I told Daryl we'd head out first thing." Michonne nodded again. She held up her hand and he gently slapped her palm with his own. "Don't do anything I wouldn't do."

He gave a soft chuckle. "Now that's a short list."

He left and a moment later Carl appeared, bouncing a tennis ball that immediately caught Judith's attention. "Cal!"

He smiled at his baby sister. "Morning."

"Morning. Hungry?" Michonne asked.

"Starving." He took Judith from her chair then sat down with her on his knee, placing the ball in her small hands. Michonne set two bowls of oatmeal in front of him then ruffled his dark hair. "Hurry up so I can change your bandage."

He nodded. "You think I can get on of those cool patches like pirates have?"

Michonne smirked. "We'll see."

xXx

Rick smiled at Michonne on her hands and knees in the garden, her bottom the first thing he saw as he approached. Judith sat at her side, giggling as Carl made a show of snatching weeds. Rick squatted beside her. "Working hard?"

She turned to look at him with a smile. "Harder than you by the looks of it."

He snorted as he produced a little package from his pocket. "That's mean considering I found this."

Michonne's eyes lit up at the sight of a candy bar. She sat back on her heels and opened it immediately. "You found me a Big Kat? Have I told you lately that I love you, Grimes?"

At this, he blushed and Michonne looked away, her cheeks equally warm. His fingers found her knee, gave it a soft squeeze. A moment later she looked at him again. "I made chili for dinner. That's why we got to this so late."

He smiled as he stood then offered his hand. "Chili? My favorite."

Michonne smiled back as she stood. "Mine too."

In the kitchen, she put the large pot on the stove and Rick appeared at her side with a wooden spoon. Carl entered a moment later, Judith in his arms.

"Go wash up," both Rick and Michonne instructed simultaneously then shared a small smile. Carl smirked at their backs as he passed through, headed for the bathroom. Rick stirred the chili slowly, humming softly, while Michonne washed bowls. She was surprised when he began singing, something she was sure she'd never heard him do. "\_I think about the years I spent/ Just passing through/ I'd like to have the time I lost/ And give it back to you/ But you just smile and take my hand/ You've been there/ You understand/ It's all part of a grander plan that is coming true\_..."

She continued to move around him quietly, wanting him to keep singing, as she buttered bread to put in the toaster.

"\_Every long lost dream/ Lead me to where you are/ Others who broke my heart/ They were like northern stars/ Pointed me on my way/ Into your loving arms/ This much I know is true/ That God blessed the broken road/ That lead me straight to you\_..." He only stopped when Carl returned, toting a babbling Judith, and Michonne let out a breath she hadn't realized she'd been holding.

She set Judith and Carl up with bowls then returned to the counter for her own. She gave a sidelong glance at him. "I didn't know you sang."

"Usually it's just in the shower but my talent wasn't reaching the masses," he replied with a shy smile.

xXx

Only when she was finally alone at the end of the day, lying on her back in her bed, did Michonne think about her day.

What she'd said in the garden.

And how it felt so normal.

How he'd looked he'd looked so beautiful.

And how it made her insides warm.

What he sang in the kitchen.

And how he'd blushed again when she looked at him.

She exhaled and resigned herself to a night of pondering, realizing that good days with Rick had lately become late nights for her. Still, it seemed anything was worth a good day with Rick.

\*\*A/N: Don't forget to review! XOXOXO\*\*

End  
file.